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VOL. LXIX.

No. II.

THE  
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED  
BY THE  
Students of Yale University.



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NOVEMBER, 1903.

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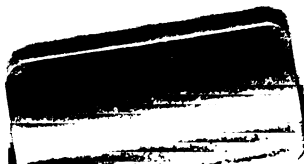
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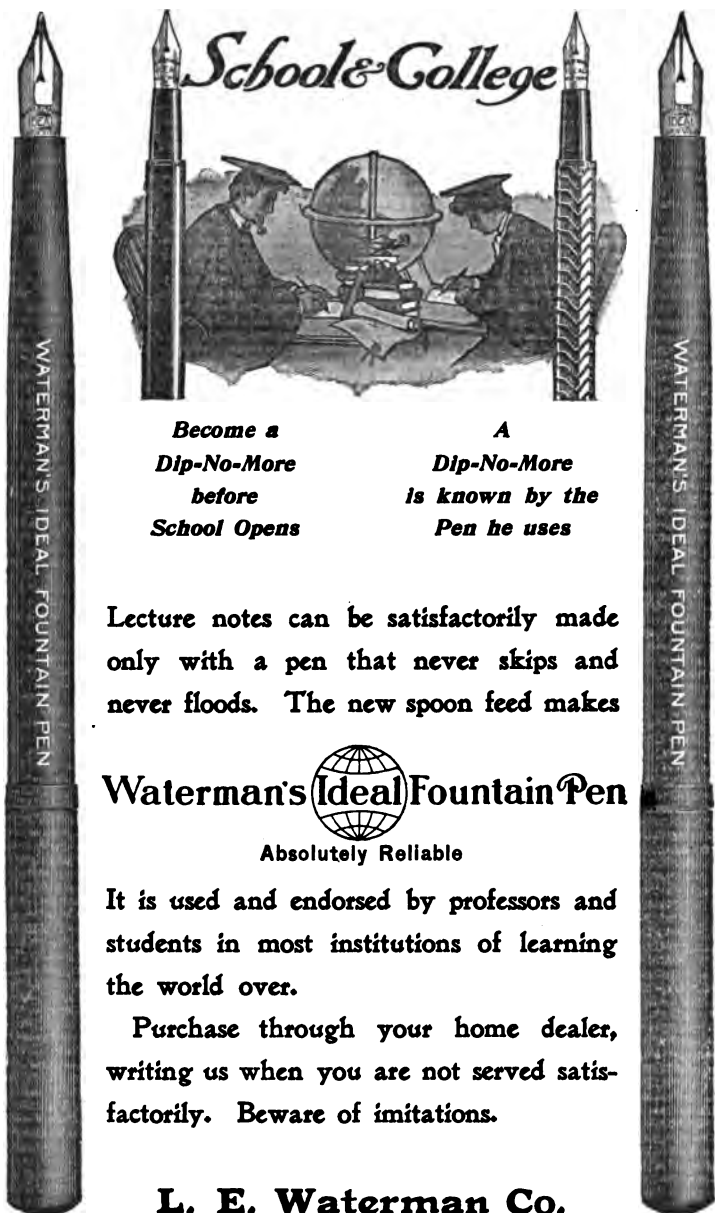
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Sixty-Ninth Volume with the number for October, 1903. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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VOL. LXIX

NOVEMBER, 1903

No. 2

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GERALD CHITTENDEN.

CHAUNCEY S. GOODRICH.

HORATIO FORD.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

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MAMMON OR MINERVA?

YALE, as a training-place for those who are soon to share in the activities of this land and time, must reproduce in miniature the very trials of brain, brawn and principle which her disciples are to encounter. This she does, and admirably. We are all strong believers in her competency for the task. She gives us a foretaste of that democracy which is the first principle of our national life, and a premonition of the fierce competition, the high value set on time, the restless search for novelty and all the other dominating characteristics of this age of science and commercialism. She also repeats the ethical tenets of twentieth century America, bringing us naturally to believe in the best parts of that philosophy according to which men are conducting the affairs of the world. But in all this Yale acts the part of a wise preceptress, offering for our emulation only what is best in the great conglomerate of modern civilization. And when, by reason of the instinct of mimicry or from any other cause, we introduce a discordant element into this model community—no matter how prevalent it may be in the real world of our

futures—the purpose of the preceptress is defeated. This is what is being done to-day, and the discordant element is commercialism.

I do not refer to the private receipts and expenditures of individuals—though these are viewed with some consternation by men who have known Yale in a simpler epoch—but to a tendency more or less apparent in the management of the undergraduate activities of every description—athletic, musical, social, literary—where funds of any size are involved.

The present condition is this: enterprises often large enough to deserve the entire time of a competent business man are in the hands of men twenty-one or twenty-two years old, whose business experience is practically nil, and who are living here for an altogether different purpose,—men to whom these duties should be of secondary consideration. The evils of this condition are patent. Again, these men hold their positions only for one year. This apparently unimportant fact is the cause of much of the trouble. It is the ineradicable weakness of all undergraduate enterprises. A manager must, at the beginning of his year, start out relying on his own judgment, perhaps slightly schooled in the assistant managership of the previous year, perhaps lacking even that. Errors of judgment are sure to occur, expenses and receipts must be figured on generous margins, and much waste is inevitable. Then too his position is an honor, and the manager feels that he must acquit himself honorably,—in most cases, by breaking his predecessor's record. So this element of annual change brings a spirit of competition, not the healthy competition which is the life of trade, but a striving after an ideal, a certain figure set by the past and liable to be exceeded by the future; and this spirit is far from the normal one of simple, economical administration. The manager realizes that where there are any profits at all, increased expenses will increase the profits, and before long he is dealing with sums of three, four, even five figures. The receipts of the Athletic Union last year approached closely to six figures.

With the managers of the undergraduate periodicals the case is somewhat different from that of any of the others. To the commercial spirit explained above, they are liable to add a more mercenary purpose, because of the common custom of dividing among the editors any surplus remaining at the end of the year. The honor attaching to the managership of a team or musical club is considered sufficient unto itself. The pity is that literary and journalistic honors should be ranked lower, even by those who have won them. But in this miniature democracy the managership of a magazine is just as much a public office as is the treasurership of the Prom. funds, and a public office is a public trust. When the subscriptions to a paper, at reasonable rates, do not cover its expenses—as is the case at Yale, with perhaps one exception—it is legitimate for a manager, instead of taxing the student-public with a higher subscription rate, to contract for advertisements up to such a figure as will safely cover his liabilities. But when this figure is reached and the strenuous quest for advertisements goes on, the thing assumes a mercenary character. Under only one condition does this continued “ad-heeling” justify itself, and that is when the advertisements so strengthen the magazine that it can afford to take over part of the public load of expense by reducing its subscription price.

The theory on which this is based is as follows. It is the theory of good government, applicable to all public concerns. Every periodical performs a definite, avowed service for the student body at large and for its subscribers in particular. This it must strive to do as completely, as effectively as possible, and also with a minimum return from those it serves. The publications of the professional schools in the University come nearest to this rule, with their generous, well-prepared contents and low subscription prices. Such is the rule Prom. Committees are following when they try to keep down expenses and “come out even.”

But why should this matter, concerning the business policies of a few managers, be made the subject of public discus-

sion? Because a large part of the money they handle is the result of direct or indirect taxation of the student-public, either by the soliciting of voluntary contributions or the sale of tickets or periodicals. A manager is just as responsible to the public for his conduct of a quasi-public monopoly, such as a Yale football game or the Prom. Concert, as he is for his handling of a popular subscription such as the Athletic fund. And even if the undergraduates as a body had not this cause for common interest in his affairs, it would be fitting to warn them of a harmful tendency in his management, for such a tendency could not start or grow without their cognizance and tacit consent. No manager will attempt to pursue a policy which meets with general disfavor.

As the theory that should govern managers of periodicals has been given, so I wish to state the general theory covering the whole matter of public finances at Yale. In fact, the entire effort of this paper, both in diagnosing the case in hand and in suggesting a cure, is to get back to first principles. This general theory is old—so old that it begins to require some care for its preservation. It is simply that we come here to perfect all our natural powers for the life-work ahead of us, and that no efforts—either by the faculty or by ourselves—are to be spared to accomplish that end. But none of the factors which we invent to assist us in the training should become ends in themselves, tying us down to them even for one year. The older, academic spirit of dealing with money-matters, in vogue here a hundred, fifty, thirty years ago, is nearer the right one. Money was more precious then than we account it, but that was not the only reason for its sparing use. College men of those days looked on money as a product of the outside world, something only remotely connected with this life of books and manly training. They must have believed—and a right good doctrine it is—that the outer world to which we are journeying will furnish sufficient chasing of the almighty dollar for any normal lifetime.

Now let that be granted which we trust is established; that

college life is beginning to echo this discordant sound, this note of commercialism, from the strife of the business world. What shall be the means of relief? The answer is simple. There must be a return to the rock-bottom principles of government in our much-vaunted democracy, particularized in the three following dogmas.

In the first place, the interests of the individual (whether that individual be a manager, an editorial board, or an athletic team) must be made secondary to the interests of the student-public. This is being done when the "special list" at the championship games, or the price of season tickets, is reduced. In the second place, there must be an earnest effort on the part of managers after the Puritanical simplicity and strict economy which characterized the earliest and purest democracies. This is particularly difficult of accomplishment in the present age of wholesale luxury, but is nevertheless an effort which should be persistently made, promising, from its very nature, good results. And finally, a manager must have an ever-present feeling of accountability to the undergraduate body as to the beneficiary of a trust vested in himself. This was one of the keenest, most potent ideas of the first framers and maintainers of the national democracy. Here, more than in any other relation, is the opportunity of the student-public to exert its influence toward destroying the spirit of commercialism.

Following these dogmas, managers will start upon their duties with a careful figuring of expenses—and a considerable consequent reduction therein. They will figure receipts just as carefully, making them safely cover expenses and no more. And the beneficial results will be a reduction in the voluntary subscriptions solicited, a reduction of the prices of tickets so that every member of the University can afford to see what games and hear what concerts he pleases, a doing away with the pernicious custom of auctioning off common privileges, such as occurs at Prom. time, and a lightening of all other direct and indirect taxation of the student-public.

*Horatio Ford.*

## THE MISSING LADY TROMBONIST.

IN giving the facts of this celebrated case to the public ear, we realize that they can have but a limited field of interest, inasmuch as the technical details of criminology are valuable only to those engaged in the science. Yet we are confident that this case possesses such typical elements that its great value, if only to a few, pardons the writer's inability and the outrage upon the public patience. The point thereof being, that one not concerned in the marvellous development of pure criminology may save a waste of his patience.

While engaged in my investigations relative to the "Influence of Tides upon Burglaries of the Second Class" (vide *Proceedings of Imperial Society of Criminal Research*, 1889, p. 397), I was a frequent visitor to the Classical Concerts given nightly at Knave's Hall. Through frequent attendance I came to know the face of every regular member of the audience and particularly of the musicians connected with the famous orchestra. Where faces were indistinct through my unfortunate short-sightedness—a defect that would have proved serious in any occupation less theoretical than mine,—I came to attach a peculiar character to each nebulous form before me and spend the intoxication of the music in flights of speculation over this or that indistinct personality. Particularly was this the case with a certain lady trombonist. The individual in question sat in the far rear quarter of the platform, and the portly bass-horn allowed only a glimpse of her figure, but an unlimited view of the Babel-like tower of her hair. Under the spell of Mozart and Beethoven she assumed to the imagination extraordinary rôles, now monstrous and fiendish, now demure, the acme of dainty femininity.

It was, therefore, a shock when one evening in the month that the thirty-second chapter of my book was nearing completion, I discovered her absence. I waited patiently until the maneuvers of the bass-horn permitted assurance of my

suspicion, and then, with no little anxiety, addressed myself to the director during an interval. As he answered my rapid questions I felt the immensity of my task unfold before me. Here was a case of disappearance which, if solved, might be a cynosure for future investigators. No, the lady was not present. She had left no address, her absence was regrettable, as she had removed a trombone, which was the property of the company. More than this the professor could not say. She was of amiable disposition, she had not drawn her salary; the name was Butterfield, Butternut, or Breadbasket, he was not sure.

It was nearly midnight when I left the theatre, forgetting my black felt in the absorption of the case, and I scarcely noticed our good Maria as she opened the door of the study. With an irritation born of professional preoccupation, I asked her to bring a pot of strong coffee, and drew my chair to face the monotonous pattern of the wall-paper. The girl—a recent addition to the household—was extremely clumsy in her ministrations, and I remember particularly noticing her awkwardness in placing the blackened pot upon the manuscript of my latest hypothesis in hereditary safe-breaking (vide, P. I. S. C. R., '91, p. 211 ff). It is thus that small details are impressed upon the consciousness in moments of greatest mental or physical crisis.

I set about to discover what might be known of the missing personality. This fact alone was patent, that her hair was habitually arranged after the general resemblance to a left-handed stromboid shell, that is, in a coil gradually rising to an apex, with the whorls ascending from right to left. I remembered also a tendency for this summit to incline to the side of the head, and almost invariably backwards. The color of the capillary substance was certainly brown (cf. No. 426, in the Bethand Scale), inasmuch as the lady's coiffure in the electric illumination usually employed at the theatre, had not been so visible as in the yellow gas flame occasionally used. One other observation was valuable. I had frequently noticed at critical intervals an absence of

trombone in the orchestral rendition of sundry pieces, and upon one particularly fortunate occasion had observed, during an intermission, the lady's hand ascend to her nose. The conclusion was elementary and inevitable. Our subject was given to scratching her nose, even at disastrous costs.

With these materials, and an extensive education in theoretical criminology, I set about to deduce the evidence. In the first place, with the readiness of a practiced expert, I turned to an advertisement in the *Morning Luminary*, which set forth, by a wood-cut, the glories of a recently renovated emporium for ladies' hair-goods. The picture represented a female's crowning glory dressed in exactly the same fashion as that under consideration. Again, the deduction was simple. The subject had been wont to pass in her daily routine before the above mentioned emporium, and had learned to dress her hair in a manner exhibited in the window. I noted the location and decided, after a moment, that the trombonist must have lived in a quarter bounded by only two or three squares, inasmuch as this was the only residence district in proximity. An average detective would have stopped there. But was it probable that a woman would be so easily influenced to conform her personal habits to such an extent? Was there not another possible reason? Certainly, heredity. She must be the descendant of a race accustomed to dress their hair in this manner, and the Hungarian Basques are such a race.

For the second point, the arrangement of the head-gear from right to left, instead of left to right, would indicate that the operator was left-handed, but I knew the lady was not, inasmuch as her right hand had ascended to her nose. Therefore aid had been given by a second person who was probably closely related and of the same sex and race, as argued by her familiarity and dexterity (for I assure you these feminine arts are not in any degree simple). The operator had been accustomed to stand in front of the subject. The tendency of the headgear to slant backward and to the left would indicate there was a slighter development of the

skull in those directions. Familiar doctrines of phrenology furnish the conclusion. The lady trombonist was highly endowed with hope, a constant belief that her condition might be bettered, and was deficient in the elements of firmness and conscientiousness. In this optimism might be found the motive of her disappearance. She had deserted the theatrical trade with the intention of entering into a more remunerative occupation.

The criminologist will seize with enthusiasm upon the other evidence, the lady's nose. The hypothesis that this inclination to scratch was a mere habit was without proof, inasmuch as a mere habit would never have been adhered to at the expense of harmony. There must have been severe irritation at the point of that organ. Undoubtedly that irritation was due to some skin affliction, and there should be visible upon the nose sundry protuberances of a roseate tint.

These examples will suffice to illustrate the delicate methods by which simple reasoning brought the necessary facts into view. Thus it soon became evident that the missing trombonist was a Hungarian Basque, of exalted family, about thirty-two or three years old, had been twice married, once to a farmer of garden truck (possibly a professional auctioneer), bore a scar near the rear extremity of the parietal bone, was of an olive complexion and a warty nose. She lived with her family in a certain district, and was accustomed to wear gloves colored with one of three phrenylamine dyes. She had probably cashed a cheque of small value immediately before her disappearance, and had perhaps taken a car or cab numbered in red even figures. She was amiable, of a musical ability rather than inclination, given to absentmindedness and careless, while without any doubt she had acquired culinary skill from a deceased or remote maiden aunt.

With these facts at my disposal, I had bills of various quality embodying these points printed and mailed to every part of Europe. I imparted the facts to all the newspapers of the Metropolis and returned to my study at daylight ready to receive the fruit. At noon I awoke to find Maria piling

some two hundred letters upon my desk. She was very curious, as is, I regret to say, the failing of new servants, but I diverted her inquiries as trivial and disconcerting. (A trial illustrative of this point may be found in the proceedings of the Idaho Supreme Court, 1898.) The letters were proof that the public was as delighted as I over the beauties of this case. Suggestions came from every source as to the conduct of the investigation. Dreams, astronomical influences and the prevalent fashion of right neck-wear were all brought forward as evidence by my correspondents. I will not, however, weary the reader with a recital of incidents entertaining but quite unscientific. To exemplify, however, the interest aroused, I could not refrain from modestly adding that upon the second day a professional journalist intentionally disappeared in order to facilitate the discussion, and the incidents of her pursuit were published daily in the journal she represented. Moreover, I received a message from the recently crowned Teutonic monarch, which offered considerable additions to the evidence, and redounded greatly to the honor of this accomplished Prussian. He explained, however, that his hypotheses were but fragmentary, inasmuch as the police agents in Guiana had not yet reported. Inside of two days, I might add, the missing lady was discovered seven times in America, four in France, some thirty in England, and once in the Andaman Islands. These incidents of the case, however, I cannot feel justified in enlarging upon. They have little to do with the purer scientific beauties.

The discovery of the missing lady journalist is also scarcely of interest. One evening, some days after the first excitement of the case, I was sitting in my study—if I remember rightly, deducing some facts regarding the alveolar processes of the now famous subject, when Maria entered the room with another installment of correspondence. She stood some time before turning the knob and leaving, so that I raised my eyes, ready to reprehend her dilatoriness. Instantly I knew the supreme joy of my life, the sight of success to the true criminologist. Maria was scratching her nose! As I saw

the lateral contour of her head, the realization that every salient point was there resident, burst before me. With one hand I reached for my hereditary pistol, the other I raised in awful dignity.

"Maria," I cried, "you are the missing lady trombonist!"

Maria's confession belongs rather to the realm of journalism than science. It would be wearisome to rehearse her firm assertion that she was not lost, but had left the orchestra freely and openly to take this new situation. I showed to her conclusively that every family trait she possessed proved that she was missing.

I received news this morning that the missing lady trombonist has been found in New South Wales. The description is exact in every particular except that the lady did not learn cooking from a maiden aunt. I may have been mistaken in this detail. I must ask Maria.

*James Grafton Rogers.*



## A FARM SCENE.

The drowsy dusk has deepened into dark,  
The sleepy cow-bell's note tolls wearily  
Down the long lane, and now, a swinging spark,  
The milk-maid's lantern moves past tree and tree.  
Each one an indistinct, recumbent mass,  
Safe-lodged at last the day-tired cattle lie  
Darker than shade. The steaming horses come  
Smelling of farm and leather; they drink dry  
The moss-grown cistern-trough, then slowly pass  
With flapping soothing sound, seeking their stable-home.

*J. H. Wallis.*

## WHISTLER.

J AMES McNEILL WHISTLER—the name will always be associated in my mind with a wood-cut by Nicholson, done on brown paper, which I saw somewhere long ago. That was my first impression of the man, and, though I've seen many other pictures of him since, including the famous Boldini portrait, with its quaint pose, it might well have been my last, so indelibly has it sunk into my memory. Tall, gaunt, Mephistophelian—it seemed that there must be something supernatural about a man whose mere likeness possessed such a strange fascination. "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion." True, and the same may be said of wit. By such measure, the excellencies of beauty and wit both were Whistler's. The frank challenging eyes, the converging eyebrows, the pointed ears, gave to the face that look of antagonism, almost of flippancy, though mingled with a certain sadness, which marked the owner clearly as a brand, as the man of men who should write, in later years, "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies." Painter and etcher, wit and cynic, the eccentric of eccentrics—to these names Whistler answered, and answered proudly.

His was a dual personality, the practical side of him due to his New England training and West Point discipline, striving for supremacy with the artistic temperament and the sensitive nature which was later so misunderstood under its adopted covering of sarcasm. As his nature, so his life. After a brief engagement with the Government as engraver of maps, a position in which his inherited constructive genius stood him in good stead, Whistler felt the tide of advancement sweeping ever eastward towards the studios of London and Paris, where art is loved for art's sake, and where the young disciple of Velasquez was soon to make his unique signature the hall-mark of success. In Gleyre's atelier he learned only the rudiments of art,—I say "learned"—it was really the development of what he had ever possessed.

Gleyre, the sentimentalist, the follower of the classic school, did not inspire him deeply. But the spirit of camaraderie of the student days in the Latin Quarter brought him into very close touch with Degas and Bracquemond, who added strength to his convictions, which, if they could not always quite comprehend, they still admired from afar.

It was in these days of unsuccess, of sincere and lofty endeavor, with gibes and sneers as a reward, that the artistic temperament and the sensitive nature suffered as only the artistic and the sensitive can suffer. May we in a world where our worst rebuffs are a disappointed hope or a mistaken action, dare to pass judgment upon the master—in embryo, but even then the master—who fought with all the keenness of his satire to protect his ideals, as the lioness lays down her life to protect her cubs? Shall we call him a Swift, a Voltaire? Let us rather laud the man who knew that he was right, and said so before them all. His conviction came only after introspection and struggle, but having once taken arms with Velasquez and the Japanese masters, the influences of his decision became wonderfully apparent in his work.

In his portrait of "Miss Alexander" the predominant tones of gray and green might have been mixed by the hand of the dead Spaniard himself; the "Gold Screen" and the "Lange-Leizen of the Six Marks," Japanese, both of them, in subject and in execution, are impossible save as the work of one who knelt "at the foot of Fusi-yama." It was precisely because he could paint like those that he was God-appointed to create Nocturnes and Symphonies and Arrangements. And yet it was just this right which the obstinate English critics refused to concede. The phlegmatic, "stub-fingered aesthete" who criticised the "Symphony in White No. III" admitted that "there are many dainty varieties of tint," but added, "it is not precisely a symphony in white. One lady has a yellowish dress and brown hair . . . another with reddish hair . . . and of course, there is the flesh color of the complexions."

Mr. Whistler needs no champion, as you shall judge from his reply: "Bon Dieu! did this wise person expect white hair and chalked faces? And does he then, in his astounding consequence, believe that a symphony in F contains no other note, but shall be a continued repetition of F, F, F? . . . Fool!"

I think that Whistler must have had impressed upon him in his New England boyhood, the American feeling—together wrong it is, too—that a show of sentiment is closely allied with effeminacy and should not be indulged in by the manly. We know that sentiment was at the root fibre of the man, but we see none of it in his writing and little of it in his pictures—save in three, and, curiously enough, in subject these are poles asunder. The "Little White Girl," a harmony in fawn, cream color and white, with the wonderfully wrought geraniums showing against the muslin gown, gives a new ideal of pure and beautiful girlhood. The face, winsome, simple, Madonna-like, is the face of happiness, with yet a certain sorrow—we have a feeling that the young girl will grow into young womanhood with capacities for suffering, perhaps, but also for loving nobly. Contrast with this the "Little Lady Sophie of Soho,"—the picture of a child whose surroundings have all tended towards the stunting of virtue and the enhancing of vice. Young, still, innocent still, but doomed.

Like the children of Andrew Lang's stories, I have saved the icing till the last. For who can doubt that the "Portrait of My Mother," which you must travel to Paris to see, is the *ultima facies*, the sublimated expression, of Whistler's creed, plus the sentimentalism which he tried to crowd out from that creed. It is a finished picture, qualifying as such even under the rigid rule he has laid down—"A picture is finished when all trace of the means used to bring about the end has disappeared." The sweet, placid face of the seated figure—the folded hands, the black and white of dress and cap against the gray of the wall, give a dignity, a sublimity, to the portrait which awed even the most brusque critics.

There is pathos in that picture, the sympathy which youth feels for age with its attendant limitations and its consignment to inactivity, but far, far above all else there is love in it—the love of a son worthy the name, whose heart goes out to the mother of his boyhood, and whose genius leaps to honor the friend of his later years. The judges at the French Salon in 1884 saw that when they awarded the gold medal; the French Government saw that seven years later, when they bought it to hang in the Luxembourg Gallery.

But what of Whistler the etcher, whose “Battersea Bridge” and Thames set brought home to Londoners like a slap in the face the beauties of the everyday life about them and made them see the picturesque in the commonplace? The Thames in action—has it ever been so wonderfully portrayed? As we stand before the “Battersea Bridge” or one of the “Nocturnes,” it needs no flight of fancy to imagine ourselves with the master in his Chelsea window overlooking the great city. We can almost hear him say “Amazing!” in that inimitable way of his, as some aspect of cloud or sky-line makes its particular appeal to him. Whistler as painter and etcher was an impressionist before the word was coined. He sometimes used his powers of observation at the sacrifice of his intellectual capacity, but he improved on those who had gone before and gave the world new conceptions and new ideals.

John Ruskin, comfortable in his position of autocrat of critics, once wrote of Whistler as a “coxcomb asking two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public’s face.” In the world-famous trial which followed, Whistler vs. Ruskin, a skirmish between the brush and the pen, the damages art received amounted to one farthing, but the great battle between conscientious endeavor and dowdy, half-hearted judgment of that endeavor had been waged—and won.

Controversy, misunderstanding, the embodiment of the “Gentle Art of Making Enemies,” seems to have been the main current of Whistler’s life—but success, success always.

THE FIRST PART OF THE BOOK IS A HISTORY OF THE  
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR, FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS DEATH.  
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## THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

AS Montigny, lord of the chamber, threw open the wide folding-doors which led to the royal apartments, the sound of voices which had filled the ante-room a moment before ceased as if by magic. "Gentlemen," announced Montigny, "His Majesty awakes." He walked over to where Phillipe D'Arnay was standing by the large fire-place, the center of a throng of ladies and court gallants, and whispered a few words into his ear. The latter started slightly, blushed and nodded assent.

"What news?" . . . "Has the King sent for you?" . . . "A secret mission?" came from all sides, as the door closed behind the major-domo. D'Arnay said nothing, but fixed his eyes upon the large clock above the fire-place. The buzz of many voices went on about him as he made his way carefully towards the door, stopping from time to time to speak a few words with the groups which lined the room, always pressed with eager questions as to Montigny's message—always silent on that point. At ten minutes past the hour he knocked lightly at the door and entered. Stepping softly through a dark passage-way on the other side, he parted the heavy portières and came to the royal bed-chamber, which was still in half-light. The lords-in-waiting cautioned silence—His Majesty was at devotion. The kneeling figure of Charles IX rose, the lords-in-waiting stepped forward to perform their various offices, and D'Arnay heard his name called.

"I have chosen you, Monsieur," the King commenced without further ado, "for a very important mission. I must ask your acceptance of it before announcing its nature."

Phillipe D'Arnay bowed his assent. His chance had come—advancement, wealth, position, at whatever cost, all these could be his.

"You must know, then," the King continued, with rising excitement, "that to-night at twelve by the clock, the Huguenots, the unbelievers, are to meet their fate."

D'Arnay shuddered in spite of himself—the talk of the ante-room had not been far wrong, then, after all.

"We must have a leader in each section of the city," Charles went on, "to head the various cordons in their execution. The sign of proscription is a red cross, marked upon the door. Give Monsieur D'Arnay the list of the persons under his surveillance," he said, turning to Montigny, and added, "Monsieur D'Arnay's reward will come later."

Phillipe D'Arnay ran his eyes down the long list. How skillfully planned the massacre, how fiendish the author of it, as he stood smiling over what the night was to bring! An overpowering desire to draw out before it was too late, to resign his mission, laid hold of D'Arnay, and then the devil in the man, knowing his great weakness, whispered to him the one word, "Reward," and the good went from him as though it had never been. His eye was meanwhile running aimlessly down the list in his hand—"La Fontaine, Lamar, Lastrare—Langevoir"—and at that name the room went blank before him. Lorraine—his cousin Lorraine, whom he had grown up with, and whom he supposed far across the channel, in Paris and proscribed. O God! it was too cruel—he must save her. But achievement, reward—what of them, urged his worse self?

"As I remarked," continued the sardonic voice of Charles IX, while his attendants put the finishing touches to his toilet, "in the case of Monsieur D'Arnay's complete fulfillment of his mission, his reward will be great; otherwise," and here he looked significantly at Montigny, "—well, otherwise, I do not envy him."

The night of the fourteenth of August had fallen strangely bleak and cold. In the Faubourg St. Germain not a soul was stirring. The great establishments which lined its either side might have been the tombs of their owners, for all the outward signs of life about them. Bare, brown, huge, impenetrable—the houses of aristocratic Paris were apparently devoid of life that night. Yet within was feasting and gaiety. So, on the eve of Waterloo, was a ball

given in Brussels. What of the other—the less fashionable parts of the city? The Rue Parnasse, dark and dirty and ill-lighted, was swept by fitful gusts of wind. Rubbish and filth which had drifted into the gutters was caught up from time to time into whirlpools, and scattered here and there. Shutters creaked and groaned in a vain endeavor to break loose from their fastenings—a door, left unlocked by some careless apprentice, slammed impatiently. It was no fit night to be abroad.

Yet far down the Rue Parnasse came two moving figures—an old man and a girl. Their progress was hard, for each step was a battle against the wind, but there was a steady purpose in their flight which could not be put aside. The old man, as he leaned on his companion's arm, seemed on the point of fainting, and yet it was he who urged for more speed. "Faster, Lorraine, faster, see—another cross," he said, pointing at the door of the house they were passing. Lorraine looked and shuddered, for just below the iron-knocker was the dark red cross which meant death for those within.

Ever onward through the lacework of streets and alleys, out upon broad squares and into narrow avenues, hurried the two fugitives. They had been unmolested for some time, and were approaching the outskirts when Lorraine's sharp eye detected, far ahead, a dark mass which blocked the end of the street down which they were hastening. At the same time, the deep, muffled sound which a great body of people makes when in motion, came to her ears. She stopped suddenly and gripped tight upon the old man's arm. "Father," she whispered, as though the darkness could hear, "a cordon—which way shall we turn?" And then, as her young mind grasped the situation, "quickly, a detour," she cried, half dragging the old man back, whence they had come. But even as they hurried along, retracing their steps, the deep rumble grew louder and more distinct. And what was that? Surely, an echo. But how loud, how near! Oh God, it couldn't be—

"Father," groaned Lorraine in agony, "they are behind us, too—we can't escape." Ever nearer drew the cordons, ever louder grew the sound of advancing feet, mingled with the cries of men and women,—the canaille of Paris. The girl was on her knees, now, praying—her father, a child through fear, kneeling at her side.

The door of a house opposite opened, and D'Arnay came out, unattended. He paused as he heard the shouts and cries of the mob, and then hurried on. He was about to turn into a side street when his attention was called to the two figures. He stopped, uncertain,—then came nearer.

"Good God, Lorraine, is that you?" he asked, as he half-recognized her in the darkness. The girl uncovered her face and looked at him for a brief second.

Then, "Father, our prayer has been answered. Cousin Phillipe is here," she cried, above the din of the advancing cordons. The old man looked up, uncomprehendingly—horror had dealt harshly with him.

The mob had turned the corner now, had seen the three lone figures, and was hurrying towards them with wild shouts. Lorraine saw, with a shock which stopped the beating of her heart, that what had looked like unlighted torches, were human beads, held aloft on pikes.

D'Arnay pulled the two towards him, and tried to run counter to the advancing tide of humanity, by hugging close to the wall, but in the light from the flickering torches a hundred pairs of eyes scorned his stratagem, and a thousand wild voices took up the cry, "*À bas les Huguenots*"—"To the guillotine." A pike thrust narrowly missed D'Arnay's head, and spent itself on the masonry behind him. With a cry of "*Silence, canaille*," Phillipe thrust his hand full in the light of the nearest torch, displaying the passport of safety—the King's ring, which every bourgeoisie knew and feared. A sudden stillness fell upon them all, and a lane opened through the cordon at the unspoken command.

Once past D'Arnay gave a sigh of relief, such as one gives when the last shot in battle has been fired, but a great fear

was written on his face, for he knew at what cost he had brought them through. He knew that he had committed himself before a thousand witnesses. A wave of self-disgust passed through Phillipe D'Arnay—of hatred of himself that he could think the thoughts which followed, racing like mad through his brain. Those told of ambitions satisfied, of desires gained, if a single deed were committed—of ruin, disgrace and death if it were left undone. And he grew almost frenzied as he realized the little time left him to decide.

As they hurried down the Rue Clichy and crossed over into the Faubourg St. Germain, a strange silence was upon the three. The old man, too exhausted to speak, stumbled along as best he might, supported on either side. Lorraine was bravely trying to bear up, though the strain of what she had borne was telling on her. But in her face was a great love, the love which a woman gives to only one man—but D'Arnay did not look to see. Suddenly the old man felt Phillipe's grip on his arm tighten like a vise. He looked up involuntarily and saw that two men had turned the corner ahead and were advancing towards them with rapid strides. The three stopped as D'Arnay's name was called, and D'Arnay himself fell upon one knee.

"My mission is over, sire," he said very slowly. "The only two persons left on my list are before you—Mademoiselle and Monsieur Lengevoir."

Montigny turned his head that the King might not see his smile.

*William K. VanReypen, Jr.*

## THE MOON-RAINBOW.

Through parted clouds the moonlight shone,  
The midnight shower had not yet ceased,  
Marvelling much, I stood alone  
Seeing before me in the east  
A rainbow, ghostly, pale, but still  
Shedding a mellow, filmy shine.  
Its circle reached from hill to hill  
Framing a single lofty pine  
That waved its broad arms fitfully.  
Fear-struck at the uncanny sight,  
I felt for Nature's prodigy—  
Broken-up sunlight in the night—  
A growing awe. For me alone  
Of all the world that mystic mark  
Of some strange, awful future shone.  
—Then came the wind, the rain, the dark.

*J. H. Wallis.*

## THE MONK AND THE CAVALIER.

“**W**HAT success, Dick?” called out Raoul as his companion tramped across the main room of the cabaret to the little cabinet which opened from it.

“None,” answered Dick, dropping into a chair at the heavy oak table.

“My poor friend!” exclaimed Raoul, “That is ill indeed. Why, Dick, even your hat is plastered with mud—you had a fall and did not see her?”

“Aye, the mare fell—I had to end her misery,” said Dick, helping himself from the squat bottle before him, “but I saw her. Landlord, the bottle is near empty; another of the same.”

“Then she would not come?”

“No.”

“The minx!”

“Raoul, I have told you before that Anne de Luynes is to be spoken of only with respect! Thanks, mine host—close the door as you pass out—the place is over-draughty.”

“But after all you have done for her, the ungrateful little—”

“Raoul, if you speak thus of her again, we shall quarrel. You do not understand, she has been far kinder to me than I had right even to hope. The Comtes de Luynes do not mate with foreign outcasts—that is all.”

“Well, if you are satisfied, Dick,” said Raoul, “perforce so am I. But I must say that when a maid as good as tells a man she loves him and then turns him away, she is little better than a—” A blow across the mouth checked him. Dick was on his feet and crying, “I warned you.”

Raoul’s eyes blazed and he started up, then shrugged his shoulders.

“I pass this now,” he said slowly, “but you shall pay later.”

“I was hasty, Raoul,” said Dick, stretching out his hand; “forgive me.”

"We will settle this later," said Raoul, ignoring the hand. "Now the question is how to leave here. Your mare dead, my bay lame," he said, checking the points on his fingers, "and unless we are speedily in Tòurs our stày in Luynes will be of the longest. For when M. le Comte hears of our presence—which he will right soon—his well known love for you will make us share his hospitality." Raoul laughed shortly, "So, Dick, as you are the more weary, I will go to seek horses."

"I will wait," said Dick, and when Raoul was gone turned his attention to the wine before him and his own thoughts. Neither seemed pleasing, and finally he rose impatiently and wandered out into the main room.

"Sang dieu, landlord," he broke out in a pause of his pacing, "open at least the upper leaf of the door—one stifles here for a breath of air."

The landlord silently threw the door open, and Dick resumed his pacing. Nearly an hour later a grey friar entered and touched Dick's arm.

"What have we here," said Dick with a start.

"Seigneur, I am a poor wanderer and I crave—no monseigneur, not money—"

"What, a beggar refuses good silver!" exclaimed Dick, drawing back his hand, and looking down curiously at the grey beard, the only portion of the man which showed beneath the shadow of the cowl.

"I am no beggar, monseigneur, but one under a heavy penance. Will monseigneur consent to listen to me for the good of his immortal soul, and the salvation of mine?"

"Very well," grumbled Dick, settling himself at one of the tables,—“but be short, my mood is none of the happiest, and my companion—why, Raoul should have returned before this,” he exclaimed, suddenly realizing the passage of time—“I must seek him.”

"But monseigneur promised to listen—my story is but short."

"Then start it soon—Landlord, you misbegotten rascal,

have you no more sense than to leave a door open in December!"

"But monsieur said—"

"Never mind what monsieur said—close it."

The landlord did as he was bid, and retired, shaking his bald pate, to a nook by the great fire-place.

"Well, your story," said Dick, turning again to the friar.

"You must know, seigneur," begun the friar, and after those words Dick heard him not; he was looking curiously at the figure opposite him, so strangely different from the usual cringing mendicant. Suddenly, above the halting words of the friar he heard a faint tramp of horses and the rattle of accoutrement. In an instant he was on his feet.

"Jésu, I see now," he shouted, "you were sent by Luynes to hold us until—Mon Dieu, I must warn Raoul!"

"No—no—no," cried the monk, clutching vainly at his garments, "come back." But Dick was already at the door. Far down the muddy road a small band of men-at-arms was advancing at a steady trot. And in their midst was Raoul. "You shall pay for this," shouted Dick, whirling savagely round to the old man, "your cloth will not save you, you—Anne!" For the false friar stood before him with cowl thrown back and the grey beard in her hand.

"Yes, it is I," said Anne, nervously, "quick, come!"

"But—how—why—"

"Never mind how—be quick. The landlord has a boat on the Loire at the foot of the byre, and once across—"

"Anne," cried Dick, stepping toward her, "You—you have come to me?"

Anne blushed and nodded. Dick sprang eagerly forward.

"But Raoul," he cried, stopping suddenly, "I cannot leave him."

"You must choose between him and me," cried Anne, stamping her foot. "Ah Dick, can't you see that they want not him, but you? I promise you no harm will come to him."

"Oh Anne, Anne, why did you not tell me in time to warn him," said Dick, wavering.

"I could not escape until long after I had heard the command to block both the road to Tours and to Angers," said Anne, in an agony of haste—"and then only in this garb which was to be used at the festivities of Christmas—and when you said your friend was away I knew you would rush out and ruin everything if I told—so I kept you until he should return, or you could see it was too late to do aught—Oh, come, come! They are nearly here."

"I am not going," said Dick, drawing his pistols and examining the priming. "I should be worse than a coward to leave my friend. But God bless you, Anne, for what you have told me this day."

With a stamping of horses and jingle of steel the troop stopped before the inn. Dick drew back into a narrow passage and cocked his pistols. Anne sprang to his side.

"Quick," she cried in terror; "this is the way—there is still time."

"Save yourself, Anne," he said, thrusting her gently behind him.

The voices of the men without were raised in argument.

"'Tis but a waste of time to stop here," grumbled a heavy voice, "he will have left long since."

"Not so, he is here," called out the voice of Raoul with a chuckle, "he promised to await my return."

"Mon Dieu," cried Dick, "betrayed—and for a hasty blow."

"Dick," said Anne.

And as the men-at-arms crashed through the inn door, the monk and the cavalier fled together through the byre. Dick laughed happily as the boat swung out upon the full current of the Loire.

"I fear mine host must whistle for his reckoning," he said.

*E. Vine Stoddard, Jr.*

## NOTABILIA.

"We had no football then, you know :  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow."

—*Consule Planco.*

Let me quote another sentence from Professor Beers' *The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus*: "My own class was the first to put a baseball nine in the field; and I believe that the University nine was not formed till 1868. I fancy that there was something a little impromptu about those early matches, anyway, and that, when a challenge was received from Harvard or elsewhere, a nine was hastily extemporized to go out to Hamilton Park and play the visitors." We are beyond all that, now. We understand the value of organization. Two months of hard work for team and coaches, football stands seating twenty-seven thousand, seats two dollars a piece, spectators from Oregon to Florida, correspondents from Europe, automobiles, speculators, hacks at twenty-five dollars, and the game is on, gentlemen. There is nothing impromptu or extemporized in *that* program, not even our enthusiasm: the cheerleaders modulate that. But, however great our advance in the machinery of sport, there is one thing in which, we may be sure, neither sixty nor nineteen-four has the advantage, the loyal sport of our teams in defeat or victory—and may it be the latter.

\* \* \* \*

We wonder if, "*consule Planco*," any influences like those of the Hutchinson existed. We hope not. No doubt classes in the sixties had other troubles, but never, let us hope, the experience of divisions based on wealth. For the Hutchinson, 250 York, and other such, are for the use of the moneyed element of a class. And they form the most serious forces which tend to split classes into cliques. Of course objection to them is the baldest kicking against the pricks. The supply of dormitories is insufficient for Sophomores and Freshmen and the climate of New Haven renders shelter desirable. Hence the Hutchinson. So, until the day when there is a reasonable number of respectable dormitories, we must submit to the Hutch. and its like. But in the interest of united classes may that day come shortly.

A. G.

## PORTFOLIO.

## CHILDREN OF MY PEN.

Out upon the world I send them,  
 As a sire embarks his boys!  
 Are they all that I pretend them,  
 Are their virtues fancy's toys?  
 Will they win the heart of masses,  
 Have they worth and strength to thrive?  
 After my Black Herald passes,  
 Will a single one survive?

*J. G. Rogers.*

—It is early morning. Out in the open plain the sun is already shining brightly, but here in the outskirts of Ardennes the cool shadows still lie upon the road which leads down from the forest, between level fields of grain and clover, to a red-roofed market town in the distance. As it leaves the woodland, the road dips suddenly and disappears in a small grove of oaks. Behind the trees it is intersected by a lower road which skirts the forest on its way to the pastures in the hills.

*AN IDYLL OF  
 MARKET DAY.*

Blackbirds are singing in the hawthorns, white cherry-blossoms glisten with drops of dew, and a flock of rooks, winging their way with clamorous cawings, scatter and drop into the furrows, while one of their number perches as sentinel upon the topmost bough of the tallest oak tree.

A gorgeous butterfly, which has been idly fanning its black and scarlet wings in a patch of sunlight, flies up and drifts through a gap in the hedge as a peasant girl comes slowly down the road. Her white cap and brilliant bodice gleam as the shifting sunbeams fall through the leaves. On her arm she carries a brightly polished brass milk can, while with her right hand she drives by a cord a sturdy dog of mongrel breed, who drags a rude cart, in which four other milk cans jolt and jostle over the rough road. The sentinel rook in the oak tree caws warningly, as his vigilant eye catches the flash of the polished brass in the level rays of the sun.

As they descend the hill, the dog, as if aware that it is already late for market, tugs impatiently at his cord, but the girl still

loiters, and ever and anon she glances through the openings in the hedge toward the road below. Suddenly her face brightens as she catches sight of a shepherd lad and his sheep on their way to pasture. The boy comes on with hasty stride, swinging his staff and whistling joyously. Behind him straggle his flock, attended only by an anxious collie. As he comes opposite the gap in the hedge, the lad looks up, sees the white cap and brilliant bodice shining through the foliage, hurries on and disappears within the grove. The girl, with a smile, yielding at last to the pull of the cord, follows her dog with quickened step down the hill, and likewise passes out of sight behind the trees. Last of all the harassed collie and his irresponsible charge are hidden from view.

All is again quiet save that an anxious flock of rooks circle about the oak trees, waiting for the intruders to depart,—and the blackbirds still sing gayly in the hawthorns, the dewdrops still tremble on the white petals of the cherry-blossoms, and the black and scarlet butterfly floats through the gap in the hedge and settles lazily upon its patch of sunlight.

And is this the end of the story? Perhaps we shall never know. But somewhat later a flock of sheep appear beyond the grove of oaks, not on the way to their pasture in the hills, but grazing at will in forbidden fields along the highway leading to the distant market town. And on the road which skirts the forest, two dogs,—one of them dragging a cart in which three overturned milk cans flash and jolt,—are bound for a rabbit-warren known of old to the collie.

Meanwhile a flock of discouraged rooks are flapping silently back into the depths of the forest.

*Donald Bruce.*

—On the bare Welsh cliffs, three hundred feet of sheer rocks above the wild Irish Sea, stand the ruins of Castle Caernarvon, a vast gray pile of rocks between the sea and sky, round which the seagulls wheel their dizzy circles in undisturbed possession. Lonely as it is and shunned for long years by every human creature, it can hardly seem less gloomy or awesome than it appeared to us when, twelve years ago to-night, we gathered for the last time within its crumbling walls. Outside, the storm was raging with the third day of

*THE HEIR OF  
CAERNARVON.*

ceaseless fury. How the waves thundered on the tortured rocks below, roaring answer to the gale above that screamed around the towers, and set the castle quivering with fierce, repeated gusts.

Not that the Heir of Caernarvon cared. His laugh rose loud above the storm as he greeted each shrieking blast. "By the shield of Bruc Ellwyn," he would shout, "that screams like the Ellwraeth when she sings for death in the House of Caernarvon. But she'll wail long and scream long ere she sings for me, the last Heir of Ellwyn Castle."

No less mad than he was Werneth, his Merthshyre cousin. With cheeks flushed, and eyes unnaturally bright with excitement, her voice rang close upon his own as she sang snatches of her wild Welsh songs. "The madness of the storm is in my blood, Owen," she cried. "I could almost believe in your spectre to-night. A toast to the Ellwraeth from the Heir of the Castle!"

"A toast?" he answered, and his voice rose. "Well, then, a toast! May she come in person to see the last Heir of Caernarvon die!"

Alarmed in spite of ourselves at his wild words and gestures we gathered closer around the fire, and there, while the light flickered over our pale faces and among the dark shadows of the farther hall, they told us stories, Werneth and Owen, ghostly tales that made the scalp creep and the blood tingle in our chilled veins. Suddenly the Heir clapped his hands: "The broken stairway," he cried; "it is just the night for the Fate of the House of Caernarvon!"

Then he told us how his father had died, and his father before him, and ancestors before that, back to the time of old Bruc Ellwyn, the builder of the castle and its first victim. A terrible death it was—a wild leap from the top of a staircase that had been left unfinished, down, down a hundred feet to the stone floor of the keep below, where now the huntsmen were feasting. Always there had been the storm, and sometimes a woman, clad in white and veiled, who screamed from the tower as he fell and then escaped sobbing into the night. But she had not appeared for a hundred years and more, nor could he tell how first her legend arose. It made our lips dry and our hearts beat thick to hear it. All save Werneth, whose eyes had never left the flushed face of the Heir.

"And the woman," she whispered when he had finished. "Oh, I should like to see her. What was she like? Wouldn't it be fun if I should dress like her and come in on you all."

"Heaven forbid!" I cried shuddering, but she had slipped out through the arched door like a shadow, closing it behind her. Frightened, we gazed into each others' eyes, not trusting to speak, and then, almost before we had breathed, the door slowly opened and a figure entered, draped and veiled in white. Silently it glided across the floor until it stood before the Heir; then touched him lightly on the shoulder. Like a man in a dream he rose and followed it, along the shadow-crossed wall, on and out through the door over the keep, while we sat transfixed with horror at the look of despair in his eyes.

The instant they had gone my strength came back and I sprang to my feet. "This is going too far," I cried. "Follow them. We must—" The voice broke in my throat at the cry that resounded in my ears. In through the open archway stumbled another figure, also dressed in white, but with the veil torn off, revealing the corpse-like face of Werneth.

"Help, help, Owen," she screamed. "That woman, the woman in white! She passed me in the hall. Oh, God, where is Owen?" and before they could reach her fell fainting upon the hearth.

I rushed to the keep door and threw it open only to be flung by the storm against its oaken panels. From the high tower above came a shriek, so terrible, so piercing, that the very castle seemed to quiver with the agony of it. The storm hushed away. Far below I could hear the heavy trampling of feet and then a hoarse cry. Outside, something went sobbing, sobbing, sobbing out into the night.

*C. F. Wicker.*

"But before ever a battle could be fought, the Esthonian king was sorely smitten with a strange disease; whereof he died not many days after. And the armies withdrew each to their own country."

*—Old Norse Chronicle.*

—Thor was busily engaged in renewing the leather grip of his hammer, using the Asgard Athletic Club's best billiard table as a work-bench, when Loki sauntered in, and, drawing up an armchair, became absorbed in watching the operation.

WHY THE  
BATTLE WAS  
NOT FOUGHT.

"By the way, Thor," he said presently, "I just met Thomas, your groom, and he wanted me to tell you that your off leader had gone lame and couldn't

possibly be used this week. You certainly have pretty hard luck with those goats of yours, don't you?" And he smiled maliciously; for Loki was fond of hard luck—in others.

"O Helheim!" growled the Thunderer; "just when I've sent those two wheelers back to old Hodur, too. You see, I borrowed them so as to make a good show in Baldur's wedding procession; the car clanks so with only two. And now I suppose I'll have to walk for a week or so. But let me see! the off leader? By the beard of Odin, that's Tooth-Cracker, the best of the team. May the great Fenris-wolf devour that stable-boy!" And Thor swung up his great Miölnir-hammer and struck the table before him with all the force of his anger, shattering it into the smallest fragments.

Just then one of the uniformed servants of the club came up and touched Thor on the shoulder. The Thunderer glared up resentfully, half-expecting to be cautioned for "marring the club furniture." But luckily for the man, his mission was of another kind.

"Excuse me, sir," he murmured, "but there's a lady at the door who wishes to see you, and, though I've told her that no women were allowed inside, she says she'll wait."

"Who is she? Do you know?"

"I think, sir,—it's Madam Brynhilda, the Valkyrie, sir,—so she says, sir," stammered the man.

"Show her up, dog!" thundered Thor, who, as president of the club, could afford to disregard the rules.

Soon a lady in glittering armour and flowing hair was shown in. She needed no introduction to either of the gods; so, disregarding Loki, who had risen, she seated herself, and began abruptly, as was the manner of her kind.

"I represent our Valhalla reception committee," she said, "and I want to give you notice that there is a battle scheduled for the day after to-morrow, in Midgard, between the Norsemen and the Esthonians. We will, of course, want the regular thunder and lightning accompaniment. I suppose you could help us out, as usual, on that day, Thor's day, between noon and sunset, couldn't you?"

"I am very sorry, madam, but unfortunately one of my goats has gone lame, and there is nothing in Asgard, nor within two days' ride of it, that can pull that car of mine. I can supply the

lightning without trouble," he added, tugging at his great red beard, "but you wouldn't want that without the thunder, would you? I might walk across the sky, but you know that that is too feeble for battle purposes. I'm awfully sorry."

"But what shall we do?" cried the Valkyrie, impetuously. "We can't conduct a battle successfully without thunder and lightning. Think how ridiculous we would look dashing and screeching up and down on the wings of—no! there wouldn't even be any wind probably; picture to yourself how tame and ineffective our Ride would be on a pleasant, balmy summer day, with the birds singing in the trees. Can you imagine it? Don't you see that you absolutely must help us?"

But Thor was fairly inarticulate with laughter.

"We can't let the battle go on without us," continued Brynhilda. "Why, a lot of the bravest men in all Norway will be there and some of them are sure to be killed. Valhalla society is *parvenu* enough, at any rate, without our letting some of the very best people in Midgard slip by us. Yes, we certainly must be there. Unless, by some chance," she added, thoughtfully, "we could put the battle off for a week or so."

"May I take a hand in this?" asked Loki, suddenly joining the conversation. "I've had some experience, you know. Now if I were to get one of those leaders out of the way, abduct him or something of the sort, do you suppose they would fight?"

"Indeed, they would not!" cried Brynhilda, eagerly. Then, after a moment's thought, she added: "But if you do any killing,—and I know you're fond of killing, Loki,—don't kill Hakon of Norway. He's far too good a man to die, except in battle. Now promise me." But Loki was already gone.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Thor gravely, "but, knowing Loki's peculiar methods and tastes as I do, I think I can assure you that there will be no battle for a considerable time to come." And he bowed her politely to the door.

J. L. Houghteling, Jr.

## MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

*The Two Hundreth Anniversary of Jonathan Edwards*

Was held in Battell Chapel October 5. Professor Williston Walker delivered a commemorative address.

*The Sheff. Senior Class*

On October 5, elected officers as follows: President, Y. McB. Bettes; Vice President, L. B. Dunham; Secretary and Treasurer, R. D. Patterson.

*The Junior Class Promenade Committee*

Was elected on October 6, as follows: Edmund Pendleton Rogers, Chairman; Frederick Huntington Day, Floor Manager; Richard Monroe Fairbanks, Buell Hollister, Berrien Hughes, John Hiram Lathrop, Murray Sargent, Murray Fingland Tilney, 2d, Edwin Sheldon Whitehouse.

*The Class of 1906 S.*

On October 6, elected the following officers: J. G. George, President; Harris Hammond, Vice President; L. T. Sheffield, Secretary and Treasurer.

*The Class of 1905 S.*

On October 10, elected officers as follows: President, S. H. Carter; Vice President, J. I. Simmons; Secretary and Treasurer, J. C. Rathbone. J. A. Sears was elected Class Deacon, vice J. W. Hagar, resigned.

*The Sophomore Class*

On October 12, elected as its German Committee the following: Bruce Donald Smith, Chairman; John Gillespie Magee, John Archibald Stevenson, Spencer Turner, Edwin White.

*The Elihu Club*

Announced elections on October 13: Colman Curtiss, Everett Dominick, Henry Lyman Foote, Joseph Horne Holmes, Lawrence Mason, Robert Lincoln Smitley.

*The Sophomore Class Deacons*

Were elected on October 16, as follows: C. H. Banks, J. G. Magee, M. B. Gurley, J. T. K. McClure.

*The Intercollegiate Tennis Championship*

In doubles was won October 24, on the courts of the New Haven Lawn Club, by E. J. Clapp, 1904, and F. C. Colston, 1904. Columbia was the runner-up.

*The Fall Regatta*

Was held on Lake Whitney October 24.

*The Junior Fraternities*

On October 28, announced the following elections from the Class of 1904:

Alpha Delta Phi—Charles Edward Beyer, Carl Mattison Chapin, John Olmstead.

Psi Upsilon—Dwight Thompson Farnham, Henry Little Griggs, William Strong Slade.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—John Ralph Howe, Bayard Urquhart Livingston, Jr., Alexander Mahon McClean.

Zeta Psi—William George Powning, Nelson Studebaker Riley, Carl Tucker.

*The Junior Fraternities*

On November 4, announced elections from the Class of 1905 as follows:

Alpha Delta Phi—Horace White Armstrong, George Holme Edwards, Roy Willet Hemingway, Sidney Edward Sweet.

Psi Upsilon—George Milmine Bodman, Herbert Luther Bodman, Boyd Graphic Curts, Louis White Johnston.

Delta Kappa Epsilon—Effingham Nevins Dodge, Willard Curtis Hyatt, Maurice Henry Pease, Harold Mercer Shoemaker.

Zeta Psi—Samuel Parker Johnston, Roland William Mersereau, Arthur Irving Taft.

*The Senior Class*

On November 4 and 6, elected the following Class Day officers and committees:

Class Secretary—Henry Hamlin Stebbins.

Class Poet—Frederick Erastus Pierce.

Class Orator—Lansing Parmelee Reed.

Class Day Committee—W. S. Cross, Chairman; C. E. Adams, J. F. Byers, E. J. Clapp, W. L. Mitchell.

Class Historians—C. S. Goodrich, C. S. McCain, Lawrence Mason, T. D. Thacher, F. H. Wiggin.

Supper Committee—H. T. Hamilton, Chairman; N. S. Campbell, W. M. Crane, F. T. Dodge, J. Wilson.

Triennial Committee—Burnside Winslow, Chairman; H. L. Foote, J. C. Kittle, P. S. Ney, A. H. Olmsted.

Cup Committee—Morgan Goetchius, Chairman; H. C. Miller, H. H. Stebbins.

Ivy Committee—W. B. Soper, Chairman; Fayette Brown, Jr., Russell Cheney.

Cap and Gown Committee—E. S. Hartwell, Chairman; G. W. Adams, E. C. Ely.

Picture Committee—Arthur Havemeyer, Chairman; Coleman Curtiss, C. W. Mendell.

### *The Thacher Prize in Debate*

Was awarded November 6 to Arthur Packer McKinstry, 1905.

### *Football Scores*

October 7—Yale 33, University of Vermont o.

10—Yale 22, Springfield Training School o.

14—Yale 30, Holy Cross 10.

17—Yale 27, Penn. State o.

24—Yale 17, West Point 5.

31—Yale 25, Columbia o.

November 7—Yale 30, Syracuse o.

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### *In Memoriam*

George Benedict Sherman, 1907.

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C. S. G.

## BOOK NOTICES.

*The Five Nations.* By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

In this book of verse Kipling is more than ever the poet of the strenuous life. There are few poems in the reflective vein of "For to Admire" and some of the envoys of his earlier books. There are a number of political verses, too, written generally in a spirit of reproof more or less mild, of England's over-confident policy in the late Boer war, and with a justness of viewpoint which could only be the outcome of colonial aloofness. There is none of the self-laudatory attitude of *The Song of the English* in *The Seven Seas*, but a much humbler and more chastened, if somewhat bewildered, frame of mind. On the whole, these later poems are truer poetry, because they are more faithful to life, and higher patriotism, because they do not gloss over the faults of England, but reveal a love that is stronger for the clearer vision of adversity.

Of *The Recessional*, nothing need be said except that it is the highest point that Kipling has yet reached, and higher than it is often granted man to attain. *The Young Men* repeats anew a theme of which Kipling is very fond. He, more than any other man, has sung the epic of "Wanderlust"; the hymn of the spirit that has driven Englishmen to the edge of the world, where the sea meets the sky. Compare the following, from *The Young Men*:

"It is there that we are going, with our rods and reels and traces  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know,  
To a bed of fresh-cut hemlock, and the starlight on our faces  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go."

with this from the *Sestina of the Tramp Royal*:

"Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done  
For something in my 'ead upset me all  
Until I'd left whatever 'twas for good  
And out at sea be'eld the dock-lights die  
And met my mate—the wind that tramps the world."

True, one of these selections is virile and one is dreamy and "footless," but the spirit of both is the same; the uneasy

impatience of restraint that has made possible a world empire. This seems to be the dominant characteristic of the English people, and it has waited long for celebration in verse.

The barrack-room ballads, collected in this volume under the title *Service Songs*, are the same old rollicking staves of Kipling's early work with which he first made his reputation. The whole book gives the lie to those who say that Kipling is deteriorating.

G. C.

*Gawayne and the Green Knight. A Fairy Tale.* By Charlton Minor Lewis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

When a man has ridden through the night hours in a crowded smoking-car, inhaling in monotonous succession breath after breath of the fumes of common men's common cigars, growing languid and dazed with a helpless stupor, he comes half-consciously to believe that there is no such thing as a pure, healthy breath of air in the world. But let the cool night wind blow into his face, and he will instantly rouse himself, straighten his hat and fervently bless the fellow-traveller who had genius enough to open a window.

So one feels when he reads this little book and finds it just what is purports to be:

"A plain, straightforward man's unvarnished word,  
Part sad, part sweet,—and part of it absurd."

Nay, it is much more. It is unique in this day's literary flood—a flood of prose upon which swim, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* (to use the old quotation) a few unnoticed barks of poetry. But the comparative scarcity of poetry in the sea of prose is not what makes *Gawayne and the Green Knight* unique. It is its cheerful tone, contrasting with the sad, even pessimistic tone in most poetry of this age; it is its light, sometimes playful treatment of a pretty romance which does not end in tragedy, contrasting with the "heavy" themes now in vogue; and lastly, it is its comfortable, natural, at times extremely idiomatic diction contrasting with the labored, often affected and always carefully conventional phraseology of contemporary verse, which make Professor Lewis's book as refreshing as a cold draft through a smoker.

And now as to what it really is. It is a mock epic on an Arthurian subject, slipping over into serious thoughts on love and life once in a while, and doing so with perfect art. Bits of plain, broad American humor—the humor of the unexpected—alternate with seriously poetic descriptions of beautiful scenes. The story is of Gawayne, true knight and lover of lady Elfinhart. Her fairy friends test his courage and constancy through their champion, the Green Knight, but after his sore trial Gawayne, in true Arthurian style, rides back to high-towered Camelot triumphant.

A description of the book is not complete without mention of its style. This is eminently Byronic, without the sting. Byron himself describes and exemplifies it in Don Juan:

“And never straining hard to versify,  
I rattle on exactly as I'd talk  
With anybody in a ride or walk.”

The author of *Gawayne and the Green Knight* has the same frank way of taking the reader into his confidence. He also has added to the interest in his poetry by curiously patching in well-known lines from standard literature. It is a shrewd playing on the sense of self-gratulation one feels when he recognizes such a line.

*Gawayne and the Green Knight* has a distinctive individuality. It far outranks any extended poetic effort that has appeared for some time, wherefore we feel the greater pleasure in recognizing this, Yale's latest contribution to current literature, and hope for further entertainment from the same pen.

H. F.

*Sea Scamps.* By Henry C. Rowland. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

The glamor and mystery of the deep sea underlies all the stories in this volume. They fall well within the group of stories which Stevenson classed as written to fit an atmosphere. It is an atmosphere of the blue sea, far off soundings, of coral, and tropical islands, of Tagals and Chinese, smugglers and filibusters, plying their trades in the out of the way corners of the Pacific. These corners give the sea scamps a fitting stage for a reversion toward an almost Viking life. And the scamps are not bad characters, from a literary, not a moral,

point of view, be it understood. One criticism of these characters. They are drawn with mighty sympathy for their virtues, and while they are not afflicted with too rigorous worries over meum and tuum, yet they are much too ideal for the half-piratical life they lead. Certainly merely human men would have become decidedly brutish under stress of their environment. Their adventures are certainly interesting, not to say thrilling, and are told in a light and vigorous style, containing a happy modicum and humor. Altogether *Sea Scamps* is the best collection of short stories the writer has recently seen.

A. G.

*The Yellow Van.* By Richard Whiting. The Century Co., New York.

Love stories grammatical, and love stories ungrammatical, pour from every press. Men with styles sprout on every tree. But once in a while there comes a man with an idea, or, better, with eyes which he uses, and who writes of life as he sees it. And if he writes a novel, that novel is worth reading. Realism excels romance as out-of-door action excels dawdling in a library, and Mr. Whiting has looked upon agricultural England and given us a picture which seems real. His book tells of the clash of the new and the old, of Socialism fighting the overpowering weight of the old feudal estates, of the peasant against the lord. There are pleasant side digressions, a dainty love scene or two woven in cleverly by way of contrast to the hardness of the story, much as Shakespeare scattered comic scenes through his tragedies. But the real motif of *The Yellow Van* is self-preservation, hunger. It is the battle of the strong and the weak, wherein the best man wins. Through it runs the cry of the peasant for bread.

It is not, withal, a sermon. True, it teaches, but not by preaching. For him who has eyes to see, the bold realistic portrayal of life is the greatest sermon. Such men as Thackeray drew life without preaching—so perfectly that the reader is apt to miss his lesson as he would were Thackeray's characters men, and beneath his observation. Mr. Whiting is not perfect measured by the dictum that bald realism is the strongest teacher. He is too warmly enlisted for the cause of the poor

to write like justice personified, regarding only facts, and not swayed by his likings. Probably he exaggerates the misery of rural England somewhat,—we hope so,—but *The Yellow Van* is a marvelous revelation of the inwardness of pastoral peace and happiness, otherwise filth and hunger. No. 5 *John Street* and *The Yellow Van* are two most powerful indictments—and by no means unreasoning or fanatical indictments—of our present enlightened and prosperous age.

A. G.

We also wish to acknowledge the following list of books which lack of space prevents our reviewing:

John Lane. The Bodley Head, New York.

*The Cardinal's Snuff Box.* By Henry Harland.

*The Literary Guillotine.* By "Myself."

(Poor satire on popular authors.)

American Book Company, New York.

*Aus dem deutschen Dichterwald.* By J. H. Dillard.

*The Merchant of Venice.* Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

*German Composition.* By B. Mack Dresden.

*Latin Prose Composition.* By Henry Carr Pearson.

Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York.

*Over the Border.* By Robert Barr.

Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

*Tea Table Talk.* By Jerome K. Jerome.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

*Best Poems and Essays, and, Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe.* Edited by Sherwin Cody.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

*Aids to the Study of Dante.* By Charles Allen Dinsmore.

*Essays on Great Writers.* By Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.

*Ultimate Conceptions of Faith.* By George A. Gordon.

Henry Holt & Company, New York.

*Ways of Yale in The Consulship of Plancus.* By Henry A. Beers.

(The only accurate and satisfactory picture of Yale undergraduate life.)

The Macmillan Company, New York.

*The Magic Forest.* By Stewart Edward White.

*A Forest Hearth.* By Charles Major.

*The Heart of Rome.* By Francis Marion Crawford.

Dana, Estes & Company, Boston.

*The Year's Festivals.* By Helen Philbrook Patten.

*Among the Great Masters of the Drama.* By Walter Rowlands.

*A Hermit's Wild Friends.* By Mason A. Walton.

Ginn & Company, Boston.

*The Modern Age.* By Philip VanNess Myers.

*The Ship of State.* By those at the Helm.

*Entrance Examination Questions in 1903.*

*Macaulay's Life of Samuel Johnson.*

*Loci Critici.* Edited by George Saintsbury.

(Essays by critics from Aristotle to Arnold.)

*Geographic Influences in American History.*

The Century Co., New York.

*Gallops.* By David Gray.

(Highly amusing stories of a hunting set.)

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

November is here with its prophecy of winter close at hand. Already the forests are bare and desolate; a chill not born of the dread of flunking is felt in *Al Osborn*; and from time to time the Saint drops into the *Lit.* office with a rosy flush about the nose which may be due to internal warmth, but which he always ascribes to external cold.

The last time that he visited us this way he was in the highest good humor in which I ever saw him.

"Ah, but this is a bracing atmosphere," he said, as he stood and rubbed his hands over the warm piles of rejected MSS. "I've just been out to see the football practice."

"How was it?" I inquired, while I replenished the fading blaze with the fires of genius of 1907.

"How was it?" exclaimed the Saint, waxing eloquent; "it was magnificent, superb. I couldn't have played better myself. We are as sure of victory as we are of chapel to-morrow. I have already made arrangements to send to Captain DeWitt forty yards of mourning crepe and a motto, 'God Bless our Home,' hoping that such pious consolation may come in seasonably. By the way," he added placidly, "this generosity of mine has so crippled my finances that I shall have to depend on a loan from you for my tickets to the game."

"How many do you want?" I asked nervously, having had such experiences before.

"Oh," said he with that considerate moderation common to our friends at such times, "a very few will do. Ten or twelve will be quite sufficient if you can get them all together. I have a friend coming down from Montana with his wife and seven children, and one or two other friends whom I will think of later. There were several others whom I meant to invite; but I feared that too large a number might cause you some slight inconvenience."

I perused the floor and whistled. His Saintship continued:

"Speaking of victory," said he, "that seems to be in the atmosphere everywhere. I went down last night to hear the final trials for the Debating Team, and I was electrified. According to the judges there were nine or ten men who should have made the six; and in the opinions of the speakers themselves this number increased to seventeen. Some of the arguments used were so strong, I was told, that one of them, which the judges failed to catch in time, did no small damage to the furniture. But this statement may be slightly exaggerated."

"Do you want ten or twelve tickets to the debate, too?" I asked with some asperity.

"No," answered my companion, beaming on me like a benevolent Santa Claus. "I will not tax your kindness so far, especially as I hear that the admission is to be free. But if you are so inclined, you might try to seat my friends in the game at Cambridge."

When I recovered consciousness, the Saint was gone.

F. E. P.

We quote the following:

AT VIRGIL'S TOMB.

Here, where the tender violets grow,  
The olive trees  
Sigh in the breeze,  
And nodding poppies blow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Across the bay, fair Capri stands  
In purple haze,  
A dream of days  
In lost Elysian lands.

\* \* \* \* \*

Below lies hot the red-tiled town,  
Where to and fro  
The living go,  
Dead to this grave's renown.

Sounds from its turmoil reach this spot  
Subdued and mild;  
But rang they wild  
Virgil would hear them not.

Not though the whole quick world should wake  
With loud acclaim  
Of his high fame,  
Would his dark slumber break.

Hushed in his grave he cannot hear;  
Yet still his song  
The ages long  
Enthralls the listening ear!

—*Orie Bates in Harvard Monthly.*

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